

Life



OCTOBER 11, 1923

Tolerance

PRICE 15 CENTS

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open.

CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.

DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.

ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.

BOSTON: Now preparing to build at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

STATLER and Statler-operated HOTELS

The rate per day (for one and for two people) of every Statler room is posted permanently in that room, printed in plain figures.

Hotel Pennsylvania New York

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Terminal. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

In These Hotels You Get Statler Service

Personal service can't be trademarked, nor graded as precisely as commodities are graded.

But the quality of personal service *can* be specified, a standard for it *can* be set up, and your satisfaction in buying it *can* be guaranteed.

The Statler-operated hotels do all those things.

The service to guests in these hotels is *defined as to quality* by instructions which govern everybody who gives service:

Instructions to Employees:

1. You *must*, in all dealings with guests or fellow-employees, practice the *golden rule*, and treat him as you would like to be treated if your positions were reversed.

2. You *must*, in every case, satisfy the guest whom you are serving—or, if you cannot do so, when you have gone to the limit of your authority, you *must* refer the case immediately to your superior.

3. You *must* follow the spirit as well as the letter of your detailed instructions, as contained in the

Statler Service Codes and your other printed instructions.

So, with the duties and responsibilities of employees defined as well and as plainly as they are in this organization, this company is undertaking to go a step further than it—or any hotel—has heretofore gone, and publish here and elsewhere this formal

Guarantee of Statler Service:

We *guarantee* that our employees will handle all transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We *guarantee* that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy the guest whom he is serving; and that if he can't satisfy you he will immediately take you to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to me a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept, I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotel Statler Company, Inc., Buffalo.

Emory



Hotel Statler
CLEVELAND



Hotel Statler
DETROIT



Hotel Statler
ST. LOUIS

Hotel Statler, BUFFALO

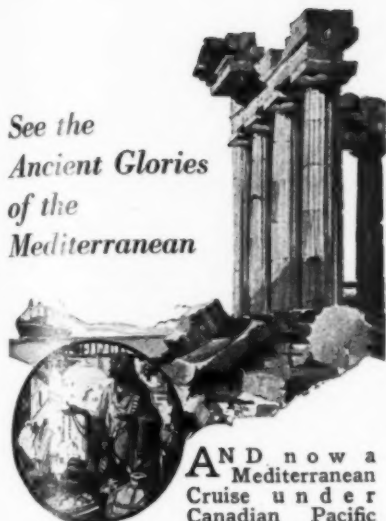


STATLER and Statler-operated HOTELS

Hotel Pennsylvania, NEW YORK



See the
Ancient Glories
of the
Mediterranean



AND now a Mediterranean Cruise under Canadian Pacific management, on the magnificent "Empress of Scotland" (25,000 gross tons), sailing from New York, January 14, 1924. Everything Canadian Pacific standard—there is none better.

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with its historic excavations? This cruise will give you 14 days in Palestine and Egypt at an inclusive rate. Fascinating shore excursions to different points from Mediterranean ports. All details looked after by competent representatives.

Ancient cities and ancient glories: Rome, Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem. Picturesque races and costumes; Algiers, Tunis and Cairo, aglow with the sunny charm of Africa, Madeira, Cadiz, Gibraltar. Gorgeous cross sections of the world we live in; Naples, Monaco, Lisbon. A touch of Old England—Southampton and London—on the way home.

A wonderful winter vacation, this Canadian Pacific Mediterranean Cruise. And it costs no more to travel so than for accommodations at a first-class hotel anchored to a city street. Fares \$800 up. Limit 600 passengers.

Get full particulars now. Write, phone or stop at the nearest Canadian Pacific steamship agency.

Mediterranean Cruise

Canadian Pacific
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Sure Relief



BELL-ANS
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25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Wanted: A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Theatreagoers

Its Aims

1. To repress that individual, in the seat directly behind, who vociferously explains the entire plot (should there be one) prior to the rising of the curtain.
2. To refuse admittance to those who come only for "a good cry."
3. To furnish each seat with a reading light and a readable book.
4. To keep out all "theatre parties."
5. To fine (heavily) all lyricists who rhyme "home" with "own," "hug" with "love," and "sweetie" with "meet me."
6. To place in jail (for sixty days) all ham actors who tell anecdotes about other ham actors.
7. To punish, by fine or imprisonment (or both), any producer who permits a "sport number," depicting the girls in riding clothes and the chorus men in bathing suits.
8. To hurl bodily into the street that one who doesn't know when to cease applauding.
9. To suppress all adaptations from the French, in which the heroine announces that she'll "tell the world there's no place like little old New York."
10. To suppress all adaptations from the Russian (without reservation).
11. To equip all gentlemen's smoking-rooms with ventilators.
12. To place under arrest the soprano who warbles sentimental ballads before the curtain.
13. To put to death, by slow torture, the speculator whose tickets are for the wrong evening.
14. To abolish all first nights.

C. G. S.

A Thought on the Fate of Poets

POETS have such a perfect trust
In what will blossom from their dust!
To most, some inward eye discloses
That their rich mold will nourish
roses,

While others sing in touching phrases
That they will bloom in pink-tipped
daisies,

And here and there a modest lad
Consents to sleep with clover clad.

Not one has ever had a doubt
That from his crumbling bones will
sprout

The fragrant flowers of the spring,
And not some low, plebeian thing.
I think 'twould be a nice surprise
If from a poet's grave should rise
A cabbage, stout and crisp of leaf,
To garnish prosy folks' corned-beef!

G. O. R.

*The Largest,
Most Modern,
Most Replete
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Cruising
Next Winter to the
MEDITERRANEAN*
*-the Specially Chartered
Red Star Liner
BELGENLAND*
Jan. 19 to March 26, 1924

THIS mammoth, palatial steamer abounds in unique and novel features—features which make her the ideal ship for just such a Cruise de Luxe. Broad, glass-enclosed promenade decks, magnificent public rooms, large, airy and superbly fitted staterooms with hot and cold running water and private bathrooms in plenty. The most distinctive dining-room-service afloat—here you may order meals in your own way at your own time.

A master-hand itinerary, embracing romantic Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers and Tunis; Naples and Pompeii; Athens, Constantinople, Palestine; a long stay in Egypt—Cairo, the upper Nile (the Valley of the Kings), etc. Stopover privileges in Europe, returning by Majestic, Olympic, Homeric, etc.

Under the management of Cook's Travel Service—the World's Foremost Travel Organization—the Owners of the Finest Fleet of Steamers on the Nile.

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& SON**

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The fastest thing in the world is the *electron*—and the Mimeograph is strikingly akin thereto

The speed of light is the ultimate speed. Nothing can ever travel faster than that—not even human thought.

But there are few things mechanical that do a complete job, and a good job, so quickly as does the Mimeograph.

Speed!

The world is ten thousand times richer today than it was before it knew how to use speed skilfully.

And certain it is that those who use it best are best served.

Five thousand well printed copies of a letter, bulletin, drawing or form is the remarkable hourly grist of the speedy Mimeograph.

A private, personal duplicating plant!

And only a few minutes—and no especial skill—are necessary for the simple work of preparation.

Fast!

Let us make it clear to you how this sort of *greater speed* can save substantial time and a great deal of money for you—right now.

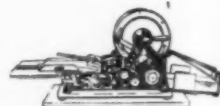
What can this *greater speed* do for our business—our school? We ask the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, to send us booklet "W-10" without obligation.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____



Life



HE lived until he reached Calais,
At Berne he had a stunning view—
Oh, yes! He's writing every day,
As timidly he threatened to.

But what do maidens care about
Italian moons or German beer
When uncourageous swains leave out
The only thing they long to hear?

B. L.



Dorothy: MOTHER, WE'RE PLAYIN' CIRCUS, AN' BOBBIE'S THE LION AN' I'M THE LION-TAMER, AN' HE WON'T LET ME PUT MY HEAD IN HIS MOUTH.

Questionnaire for Hesitant Hes

Designed to Ferret Out All That It Is Wise to Know Before Making the Desperate Declaration

1. GENERAL INFORMATION.

- a. State difference between a Ruhr basin and a tear-jug. _____
- b. If A and B love the same girl, and she loves D, but marries E, who is the lucky fellow? _____
- c. Who invented the peplum? _____

2. LITERATURE, DRAMA and MOVIES.

- a. Who said "Be Beautiful and be Damned"? _____
- b. Who wrote the "Harvard Classics"? _____
- c. Is Colonel Harvey literature or drama? _____
- d. Why is a movie star's cuticle more important than whatever it is he thinks with? _____

3. DOMESTIC QUALITIES.

- a. Can you distinguish before the climax between a modern egg and an old master? _____
- b. Could you overcome your habit of dropping cigarette ashes on the rugs? _____
- c. Can you nurse a sinkful of dinner dishes back to normal? _____
- d. Does a baby remind you of an angel or the wash-line? _____
- e. Have you ever infringed on a certain restaurant's basic patent on flapjacks? _____

4. PHYSICAL QUALITIES.

- a. Would you take a cold bath if no one was looking, or are you honest? _____
- b. What sized shoe should you wear? _____
- c. Do you taxi two blocks, or are you athletic? _____
- d. Is your hair naturally wavy or is it merely permanent? _____

5. PERSONAL.

- a. Do you love me? _____
- b. If so, why? _____ (If space allowed is inadequate, write on back of sheet.)
- c. Underline the income you would be willing to try to live within: \$5,000 \$10,000 \$25,000 \$100,000 \$1,000,000.
- d. Would you be intrigued by anything less? _____

(This questionnaire must be filled in and returned within two weeks from date, otherwise the unknown law insists that you return my wrist-watch, the works of E. P. Roe, the Russian novelty nut-cracker, my letters and the imitation cut-glass red raspberry bowl.) E. M.

THE typewriter may be fifty years old but it has a long way to go to attain the age of the average typewriter ribbon.

Overheard at the Moron Club

"WONDERFUL the way science and invention are increasing man's productive powers, isn't it? Here's Dr. Steinmetz predicting that improved machinery and electric power will give the workers a four-hour day."

"Maybe so, but what bothers me is, the more efficient our mills, factories and railways become, the more the price of goods and freight rates go up. We've had a heap of wonderful inventions that were going to make things cheaper, but my bills don't show it."

"That's all on account of the overhead. You see, just as fast as somebody invents a machine or process to cut down production costs, another fellow invents a new system for calculating fixed charges, operating expenses, and profits, that makes it necessary to put up prices. Looks as though the man who invents the reasons for higher prices is keeping about two jumps ahead of the higher efficiency bunch."

W. G.

A Suggestion

IT'S high time that radio ceased to be a public plaything and was turned to some really useful purpose.

For instance, every evening, between the hours of six and seven, the following should be broadcasted at intervals into every family dining-room in the United States:

"Eat from the side of your spoon."

"No; you're not going to fill up on crackers and butter."

"Don't tell me you washed those hands before you came to the table!"

"Take your spoon out of your cup."

"Never mind what's for dessert; first eat your meat and potatoes."

"The crusts will make your hair curly."

"There you go! All over my nice clean tablecloth!"

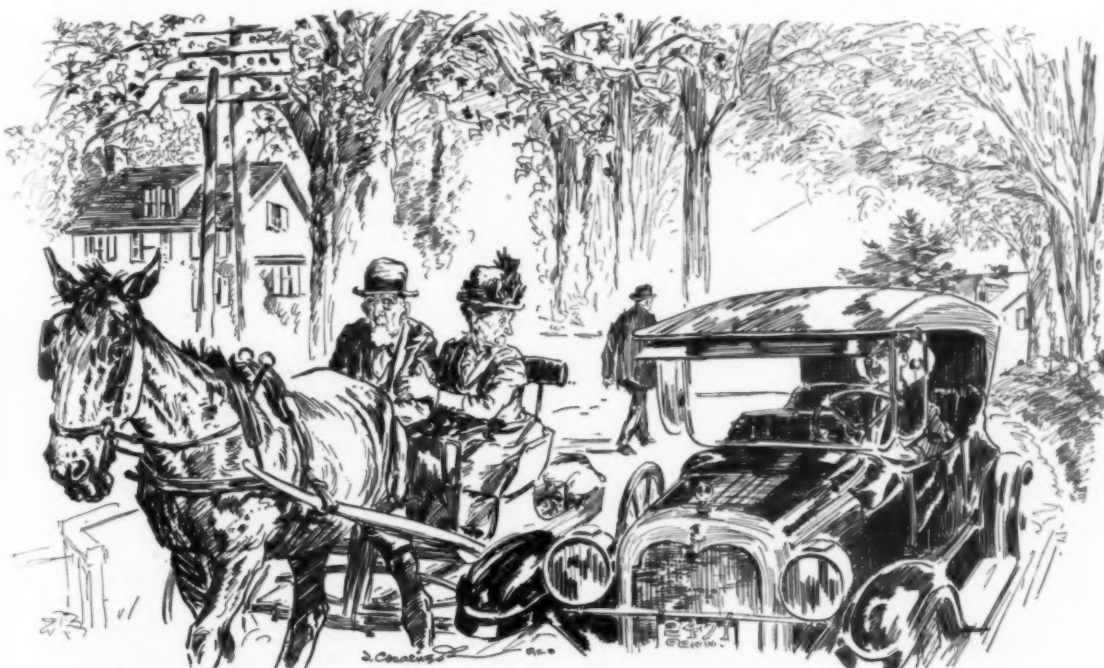


Mrs. Plump: WELL, ALL I'VE GOT TO SAY IS, IF WE DO HAVE ANOTHER WAR I HOPE IT IS WITH FRANCE. THE FRENCH ARE SO POLITE.

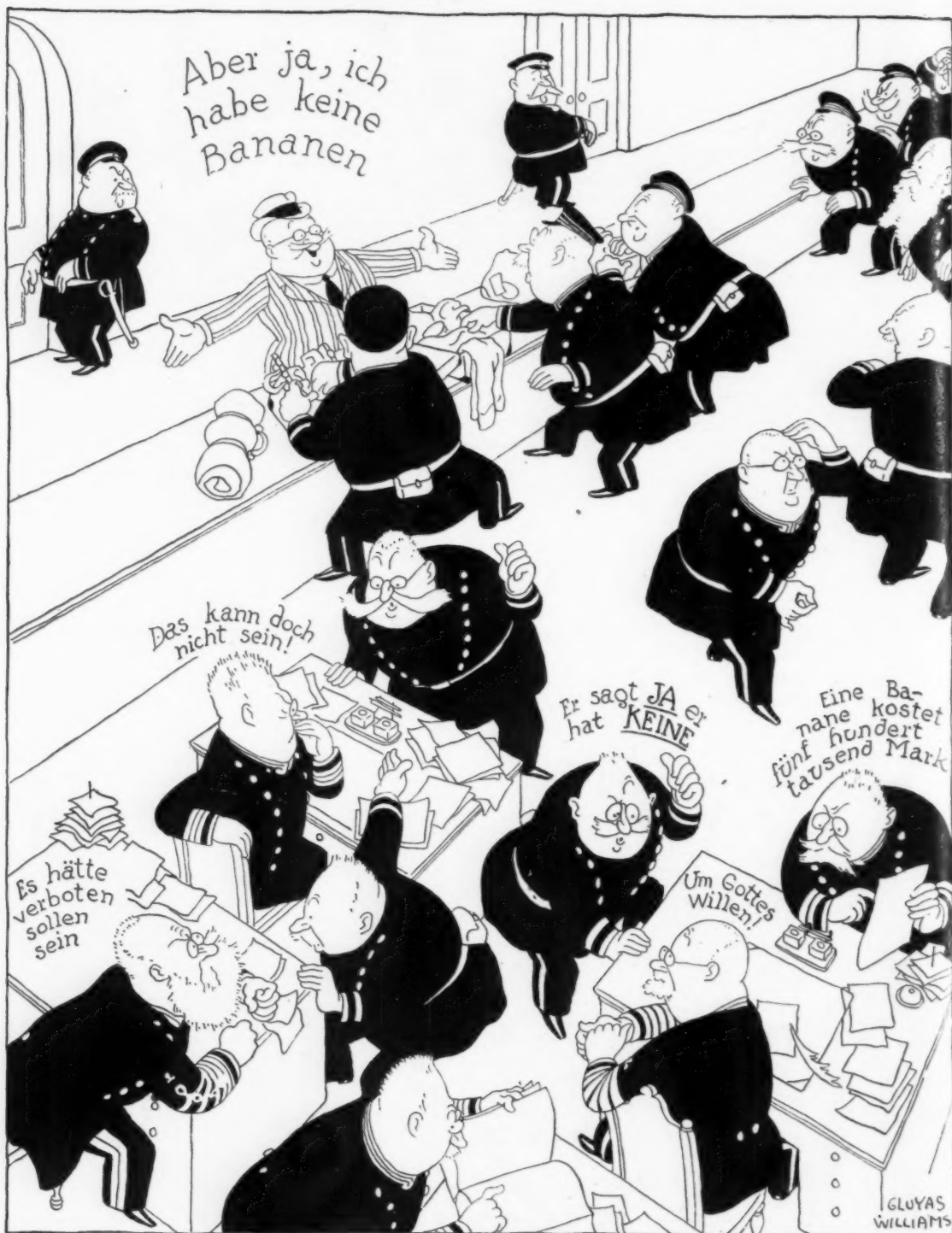
The Problem

"THERE must be a great many problems that confront you Polar explorers. What do you consider the most important one?"

EXPLORER: Getting back.



"THERE AIN'T NO CAUSE T' WORRY, HENRIETTA. IF THEY HIT YE, YE KIN GIT DAMAGES—AN' TH' WORSE YE'RE HURT TH' MORE YE GIT."



UTTER DISRUPTION OF THE GERMAN CUSTOMS OFFICE ON THE RETURN OF A TRAVELER FROM AMERICA



"YVETTE WEARS ONE OF THESE IN THE 'SCANDALS'!—YES, I THINK I'LL TAKE IT."

Castles in Spain

"WHAT we want at that point is a ha-ha," said Mrs. Stebbins.

"You may be right at that," responded her husband. "A good laugh never hurt anybody."

"A ha-ha," said his wife, "is not a joke—it's a hedge sunk in a ditch."

"I'm aghast at your erudition," said Stebbins. "However, have it your own way. It is my suggestion, then, that we have not only a couple of ha-has, but a he-he or so, and while we are doing it, how about a ho-ho?"

"My little boy is being sarcastic. Yet somehow that doesn't help to solve a difficult problem. Suppose, then, that in the little birch grove at

the end of the ha-ha we have a gazebo?"

"All my life I've wanted a gazebo. Some day when my ship comes in, I've said, the first thing I am going to buy is a gazebo. At night I've dreamed of it. Alec Stebbins, I've said, work, my boy—slave!—stay with the job so that in the autumn of your life you can settle down and, as the setting sun gilds the world with its splendor, can go into the barnyard and pat your gazebo on its head and have it look up at you with its great trusting eyes. What is a gazebo?"

"Well," Mrs. Stebbins replied, "if you are through being perfectly kill-

ing, I may tell you that it is a summer-house."

"So fades another iridescent dream," and he smiled sadly as he sank back into his armchair.

"And now," his wife went briskly on, "we come to the formal garden beyond the sunken rose garden. That, of course, is for an expert landscape gardener and one skilled in the topiary art." A look of pain swept over his face, but making a supreme effort he pulled himself together.

"You are right," he said, smiling. "If there is one thing in this country that needs encouragement it is the topiary art. People buy automobiles, and sables, and yachts, but do they do anything for the topiary art? The topiarists of America are starving to death. If I were to tell you what I know about the conditions—"

"Alec," said his wife, as her hand reached out and patted his, "to-morrow will be the first of November. Will we have the money for the rent? But it is a nice game, isn't it?"

Rollin Kirby.



"DO WE STOP HERE, PAPA?"

"WHAT do you think of Papyrus's chances?"

THE FAIR YOUNG THING: Oh, I don't think any one can ever beat Dempsey.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

TOO MUCH

Said a handsome young matron named Spratt,
 "If there's one thing annoys me, it's that—
 I plan and design
 This new dress of mine—
 And you've got one just like it—you cat!"

Imitation

THERE is evidently a growing tendency in this country to assume the appearance of what one is not. Coats of imitation seal, gowns of imitation silk, imitation music (shortened to "jazz"), automobile upholstery of imitation leather, liquor of imitation alcohol—the list is endless.

In fact, it is more meritorious to look like the imitation article than the genuine. The famous international banker is unnoticed as he enters the restaurant. The man who would be his double if his nose were only a little larger, and his cheeks fatter, and his eyes steel-gray instead of green, and his head bald, has his photograph front-paged in the newspapers by the enterprising reporter who thought he detected the resemblance.

Many can remember the proud house owner who beamed as you ex-

claimed at the solidity of his mahogany bureau. The same man to-day presses upon you the address of the firm that produces his wonderful imitation walnut chiffo-robe.

Nor is this tendency lacking in our public life. Imitation speeches by imitation statesmen fill up our legislative halls. Imitation rapid transit congests our big cities. Imitation marriages, dissolved in Reno a year later on imitation grounds when a heavier sugar papa has been acquired, are being performed every day.

So it goes. And at this point a disturbing thought occurs. It is this:

Are we becoming an imitation country?

The author prefers not to develop the suggestion. Some imitation American might call him an imitation American for doing so.

Baron Ireland.

Life Lines

"CONVERSATION in America," says the *New Republic*, "has declined since the Civil War." We doubt it. In 1865 they had no Prohibition to talk about, no golf, and plenty of bananas.

—JL

There was only one thing the matter with the Garden of Eden: the banana should have been designated the forbidden fruit.

—JL

Chief among the sufferers from the recent newspaper pressmen's strike in New York were the thousands of Sunday picnickers who were driven to the public parks practically empty-handed.

—JL

The Chicago scientist who hopes to learn the secrets of radiation from the top of Pike's Peak evidently shares the common belief that there is no use trying to get at these facts from the janitor.

—JL

Electricity has practically eliminated the hod carrier, says a building journal. Somebody ought to tell the joke writers about this.

—JL

Next year, we understand, Will Hays will leave the movies and return to his post on the Republican National Committee. Which means that the silent drama will once more be silent.

—JL

Not more than 1,000,000 Americans have changed their minds on the League of Nations, according to Ambassador Harvey, who on matters involving a change of mind may be regarded as one of our foremost authorities.

—JL

There is a possibility that Woodrow Wilson will run for President next year.

Order your copies of *Harvey's Weekly* now!

—JL

The British professor who says that we live on a "second-rate satellite of a fourth-rate and moribund star" is probably one of those pro-Betelgeusan hyphenates who are always trying to undermine the solar system with foreign propaganda.

If he doesn't like our world, why doesn't he go back where he came from?



If, on examining your St. George closely, you discover that he has on overshoes, you may be sure the work is spurious.

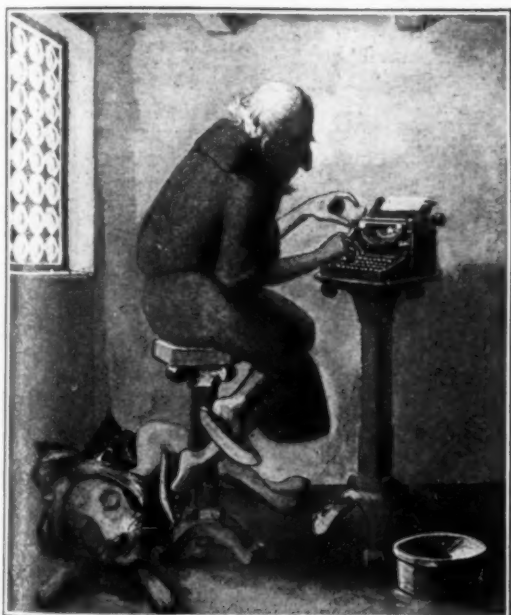


This Franz Hals was considered genuine until an expert pointed out that there is a cocktail shaker in the man's hand.



At first glance you might buy these cherubim as original, but look carefully and you will see an obvious mistake on the part of the forger.

Forgeries by R. K. Leavitt



Surely a genuine Dürer, you will say. And so it might be, were it not for a certain anachronism which any Dürer student could detect.



This "Velasquez," brought to America in 1900, was exhibited for seventeen years before the museum curator discovered the roller-skates.

How to Detect Frauds in Your Masterpieces

Mrs. Pep's Diary

October
4th

Awake betimes, and curiously stirred by a letter on the first post which did ask me to call at a reputable enough address on a matter of importance to myself, and though suspicious of its sincerity I was loath to disregard it, in especial as Ned Barnes recently received so vast a fortune by the will of an uncle of whom he had never heard. So doing on my new *tailleur*, very smart save for a defection in the fit of one sleeve which, I thank God, can be altered, I did proceed to the office in question. Nor did I say aught to Sam, which I was glad of, for it was the old story of women "of cultivation and refinement" wanted as stock sellers for a new enterprise, and I should never have heard the end of it from him. And I was at some pains to convince them that I lacked the ability to sell a five-dollar gold piece for \$4.95, so tenacious are their methods when once the fly is in the parlor.

October
5th

Up and reading in the publick prints how the nation is being combed for the infant that was kidnapped two days ago. Lord! Should I be guilty of a heinous crime, they would have me in the Tombs inside of an hour....To luncheon with Marge Boothby and found her place full of comfort and beauty, and she herself responsible for all of it. How I do envy

women with a knack for decoration, the faculty to assemble a good interior having been left out of me! It is not likely, of course, that I shall ever come home with a pair of antlers, but I cannot be trusted alone in a cretonne department....Reading this night in "Another Scandal," by Cosmo Hamilton, preposterous trash, with one woman explaining France's attitude towards Germany over the telephone, as sheer conversation, and more rhetorical fuss made over the birth of a child than Ibañez spent on the retreat from the Marne. But I mark one thing about C. Hamilton. He will never write us a play set on a coal barge or in a kitchen.

October
6th

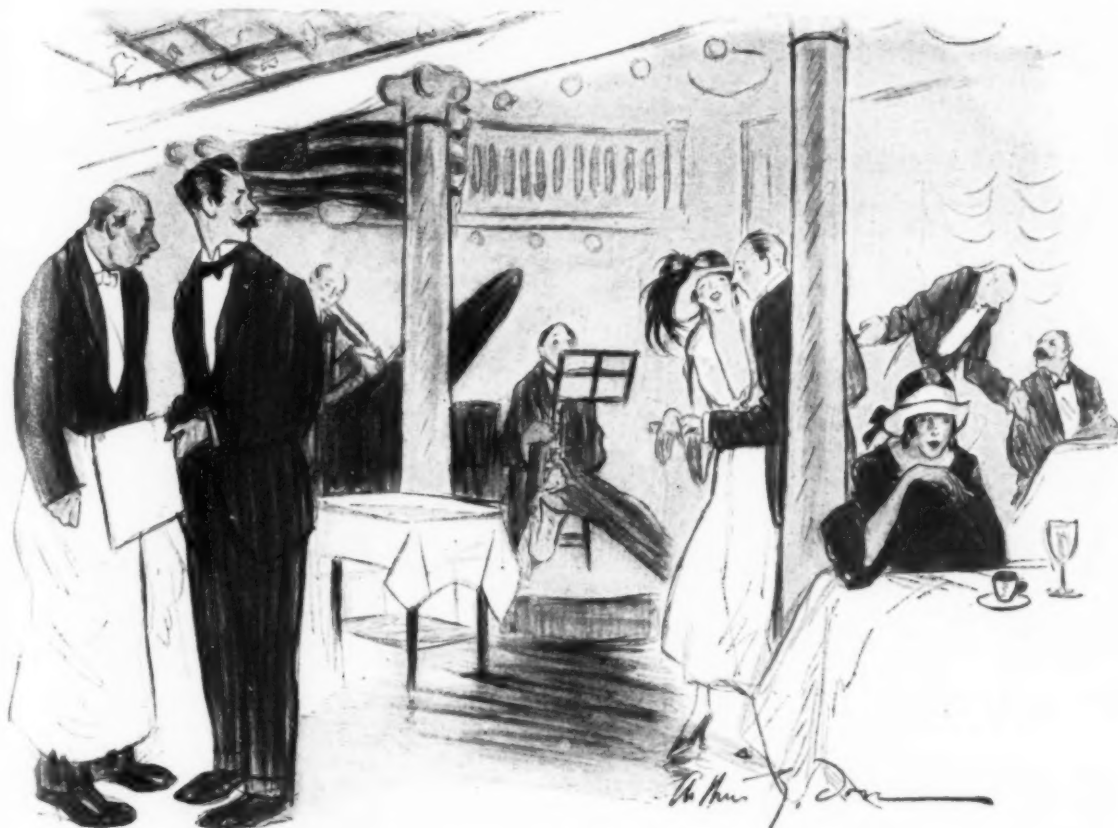
At my accounts all the morning, and greatly cast down over having apparently suffered from delusions of grandeur during September, but Lydia Loomis, coming to luncheon, did remind me that it is always so at this season of the year, and we decided that there should be a law against the shops' printing illustrated advertisements of household wares and furnishings. And we fell a-talking of this and that, and why her boy who is at school in Switzerland should complain of never getting any beef to eat, and Lydia suggested that perhaps cows could not stick on the Alps. She did tell me

(Continued on page 30)



"YOU'RE NOT SO LAZY, AFTER ALL. HERE YOU ARE GETTING UP AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING!"

"YEAH, BUT THIS IS THE GITIN' UP I SHOULD 'A' DONE YESTERDAY."



Waiter: THAT MAN AT THE LAST TABLE WANTS A DRINK FOR NOTHING.
 Captain: WELL, TELL HIM WE'LL HAVE HIM ARRESTED FOR IMPERSONATING AN OFFICER.

On the Modern Young Woman

Her Modesty

"I MUST look positively indecent. All the powder's off my nose."

Her Ingenuousness

"I never knew she was divorced."

Her Femininity

"Somebody give me a cigarette quick, or I'll go cuckoo."

Her Erudition

"Certainly I know. The Giants won four to three."

Her Logic

"I know they said they had no seats, but if you really loved me, you'd get them just the same."

Her Coyness

"I don't think I ought to accept them, though they're just the kind of pearls I wanted."

Her Tact

"Yes, Kitty's such a nice girl. Of course, she tells the most atrocious lies, and can't be trusted at all. But she's really sweet."

Her Sense of Humor

"Ha, ha, ha! And she never knew he was married all the time. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Her Sense of Honor

"Oh, well, if she had lost, she wouldn't have paid me, either."

C. G. S.

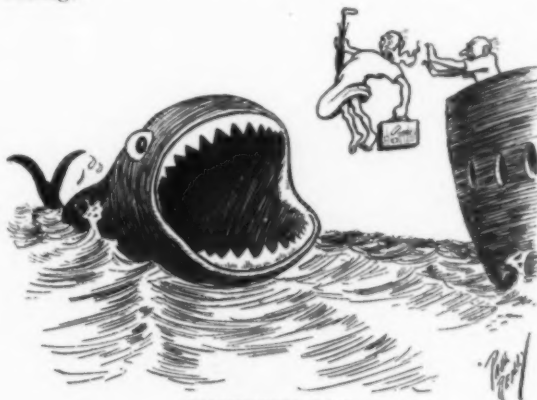
When to Eat

YOUNG MOTHER (anxiously): Conductor, are you sure the train is on time?

CONDUCTOR: I have told you so, madam.

YOUNG MOTHER: Well, I have to be sure. You see, I'm feeding the baby by the time-table.

SOME men go into political retirement and others will be remembered as having served in the Cabinet under Coolidge.



FOUNDERS' DAY

MR. JONAH JOINS THE HOLE-IN-ONE CLUB.



L'ENTENTE TERRIBLE

The Letters of a Modern Father

MY DEAR SON:

Conferences looking to a solution of the problem of shortening the hours of the men in our steel mill have forced me to work fourteen hours a day recently, so I have had to delay writing to you about your college plans. I have before me your analysis of the probable expenses of your sophomore year and I deduce therefrom that you have an excellent chance of making your mark in Congress as Chairman of the Appropriations Committee.

Your estimates of five thousand dollars for the year are all right; but I fail to find any allowance for tires, trips

to New York and other necessities. As a matter of training for you I would rather apportion funds for these things now than have you present them later in the guise of "incidentals." I suggest, therefore, that we come to terms on a basis of six thousand dollars for the year, with the understanding that if you exceed that amount you will have to earn your way for the rest of the year.

If you could find time to run home for a few hours before you leave the seashore for college your mother and I would appreciate it.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

Fabricated Fables

The Hare and the Tortoise

A HARE was once kidding a Tortoise about his slow gait, when to every one's surprise the old Shell-back up and challenged the Hare for a Mile Dash. When the Wise Boys had done laughing, the odds at once went to 1,000 to 1 on the Hare and when the Day arrived they were 5,000 to 1 against the Tortoise. To cut a long story short, however, the Tortoise won and divided \$60,000 with the Hare before they moved on to the next town looking for more Suckers.

Moral

Never bet, even on a sure thing—
if it can talk.

* * *

The Man and the Elevated

Once there was a man who was always riding up and down on the Elevated Railroad. Now, as every one knows, the tracks are laid alongside the second and third floors of numerous thickly populated apart-

ment houses of the poorer classes, and it was noticed by everybody who rode with the man that he was always intently gazing out of the window. One day he was asked why he constantly kept peering into the homes of people who dwelt alongside the "L" and he replied, "I do it in order to see how these people get along, so that I may upset a proverb that has always annoyed me."

Moral

One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, but the Elevated certainly helps.

Gifted

"JONES has been arrested for cashing checks without having funds in the bank."

"He doesn't look like a man who would do that."

"That's the reason he could."

VOLSTEAD law enforcers and violators have one thing in common: both seek the alcoholic content.

Mah Jong

I SING of thee, Mah Jong,
Kin of the late Ping Pong,
Native of far Hong Kong,
Mah Jong.

Characters may go wrong,
Dragons may feel the prong,
East winds may blow too strong,
Mah Jong,

Still flowers may bloom, Mah Jong,
Circles to me belong,
And I shall chant *ding dong*,
Mah Jong.

Pung! and I strike the gong,
Chow! and I sing my song,
Pay as I go along,
Mah Jong.

Ah! luck is gone, Mah Jong,
Now I have hit the prong,
Take it away,

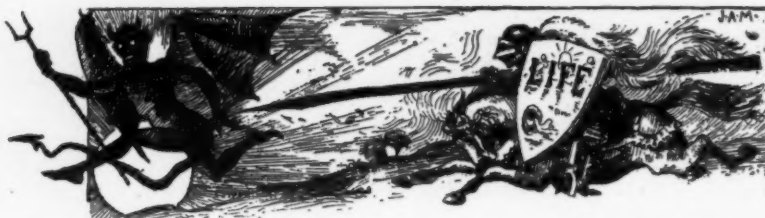
Go 'long,
Mah Jong.

H. K. Rowe.



"I'M SURPRISED, MR. BIDDLE, THAT YOU SHOULD WRITE SUCH A BOOK AS 'FLAPPERS IN FLAMES.'"

"AH, MISS SUCKLING, I MAY WRITE QUESTIONABLE BOOKS, BUT I NEVER READ THEM!"



OCTOBER 11, 1923

VOL. 82. 2136

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
 CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
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THOSE little papers that came out during the pressmen's strike endeared themselves to readers. They were delightful, especially because of what they omitted. Nearly all that was omitted was a relief. Possibly the editorial pages are an exception, but one gathers from this experience that the greater part of what is put in newspapers is put there not for the pleasure of readers or even to edify them, but for purposes quite different, purposes of emolument, the wishes regarded and gratified being those of merchants and publishers. Eight pages used to be a fair sized newspaper. People old enough to remember will recall that the old *Sun*, as published about forty-five years ago, was a four-page paper and in that form won its great success and made its money.

No doubt long before these words reach the reader the New York papers will have grown corpulent again, but the memory of these slim days will still be pleasant. The row itself was interesting. The title page of the combined newspapers as they emerged gradually from chaos was a lesson to all the world—a lesson in politics. At the head of every paper appeared the titles of all of them. It was the sign of a union of newspapers to meet a situation that none of them could meet alone. Jointly they did meet it and seem at this writing to have completely won their battle with the run-amuck pressmen. Bales of those emergency papers ought to be sent to Europe to teach our brethren there how to meet trouble.

Probably the effect would be to make them more diligent than ever in insisting that the United States should join the League or come across in

some other suitable form. As the tide of news gathers again we get more opinions of returning travelers and many of them express themselves on this subject of our duty to Europe. That and coal are just now the leading political topics. Coal is coming out of the ground and going into the bin, but there is still the coal question and probability of a coal shortage, and there are tremendous coal bills, which cause almost as much concern as the likelihood of shortage. Governor Pinchot did a useful job in getting the production of anthracite resumed, but he has not helped our pockets yet, and they are shouting for relief.



THE news of the day must be very encouraging to those brethren who have backed with so much zeal the opinion that the Last Day is at hand. The prescribed symptoms abound in the papers—wars and rumors of wars, earthquakes and false prophets. We read about them all every day, and preachers who announce the end of time ought to be taking in good money. Our own notion, such as it is, is that our world will survive all its present symptoms—the fight over the Ruhr, the Fascisti in Italy, the reform activity in Spain, the war with the Ku Klux in Oklahoma, the war with the pressmen in New York, the Japanese earthquake, the candidacy of Henry Ford, the candidacy of McAdoo, the prizes offered by Mr. Bok, the illness of Mayor Hylan and all such agitations. Ireland was very sick, but after her disease had had a fairly complete run, she got better. Russia had a very violent national illness, but her symptoms really seem to

have improved. Awful things are prophesied about the rest of Europe but she will get on her legs presently though she may go groggy for some time to come. Even the Franco-German problem may be working out better than we think. Nature seems to be taking its course in Europe. Statesmen do not like it but they cannot help it, and it may be the best way in the long run.



MR. HORNADAY, of the New York Zoological Park, who is interested as everybody knows in wild creatures and concerned to preserve them, puts out appealing notices and pamphlets from time to time about the terrible butcheries of wild game that go on every fall in all parts of the country. He keeps telling us that the present game laws do not sufficiently protect the game, that they allow the shooters to shoot altogether too much. About five million shooting licenses are taken out every year in these States, and he says that if one-quarter of the licensees were to shoot as many creatures as their licenses permit, there would not be a game bird or quadruped left in the country. He would like the shooting privileges abridged so that the hogs who kill all they can will feel more restraint from the law.

Something is done now and then to keep species of birds and other wild creatures from being killed off by providing refuges for them, and by special laws which prohibit shooting them at all, but to put restraint on ordinary sportsmen is very difficult. Where there is no sense of responsibility it is hard for the law to supply a substitute, especially when shooting licenses are issued. The cure of game butchery is sure, but it lies in the extermination of the game. To that cure the improvement in the means of destruction and transportation contributes. In motor cars the shooters get around more easily and go farther than they used to and with better guns they do more execution. Mr. Hornaday's problem is a part of the problem of the world. If we can ever break the human creatures from killing one another immoderately there may be some chance of restraining their propensity to kill too many of the lesser creatures.

E. S. Martin.



THE ULCERATED TOOTH



The Conqu

They won't be happy till there



the Conquerors

happy till there's nothing left to shoot



All Kinds

ONE of the many reasons why we think that Emily Stevens is a fine actress is that she just doesn't care how she looks. When she cries, she *cries*. None of your gingerly dabbing at the mascara with a wad of handkerchief. She has what used to be known among the ladies of the Victorian era as "a good cry," and if you will think back on the ladies whom you have made cry in your old brutal days, you will remember that they looked something terrible when they did it.

In one particular scene of "A Lesson in Love," Miss Stevens sacrifices dignity and radiance (both of which she has to start with) by showing in an embarrassingly vivid manner how a puritanically-minded woman might act in the throes of a mad passion for an unsuspecting soldier-of-fortune. No one but a woman who in the first act had snubbed an erring friend could simmer so irritatingly in the presence of the man she loved. And we doubt whether any actress but Miss Stevens would consent to make herself so unattractive in a similar situation when, by a slight compromise with her integrity as an artist, she could have glossed over the more unpleasant features of the lady's behavior. And certainly no one but Miss Stevens has for a long time made the routine phrase, "I love you," sound like anything more than a lyric to a Jerome Kern song. When Miss Stevens says it, you begin to believe that there may be something in this love business after all.

William Faversham is the lucky boy in "A Lesson in Love," and he plays it just as William Faversham might play it. Gilda Leary, as the girl-friend who receives a raw deal in the first act, proves her worthiness to play along with Miss Stevens, which is saying a lot. And the play, which is an importation from England, is one of the best so far this season.



"PETER WESTON" is one of those Strong Men plays which Edmund Breese started when he banged the desk in "The Lion and the Mouse." Frank Keenan is the sharp, incisive growler this time, and he is so hard in the first act that it doesn't seem possible that he can get any harder as the play goes on without having to have his make-up carved on his face with a chisel. Frank Dazey and Leighton Osmun, the authors, have, however, worked a certain theatrical effectiveness into the thing, which makes it something more than it seems at first, and by the time the old man, faced with his first big defeat, tries to order back the dawn which means the electrocution of his son, you are quite willing to admit that you have seen a good show.

HAVING made a brilliant and spectacular personal appearance ourself in the new Music Box show, we are unable to pass judgment on any department of it except the audience. Viewed from behind what we in the profession call the "footlights," the people out front gave performances varying in merit from the man who laughed to the man who didn't.

On the opening night, the audience presented a very pretty picture, with its evening costumes and urban appearance, but, either from first-night nervousness or just plain stupidity, failed to justify its being classed as a group of people with anything more than an elementary school education. One gentleman in particular, seated in what looked like C-5, or -7, had evidently been taken out of cold storage for the occasion and propped up in his seat by loving hands, where he sat throughout looking like a rather unflattering bust of Dante. He was very bad, and should never go to the theatre again.

We can not speak too highly of the lady sitting somewhere in the middle of the front row. A delightfully infectious laugh, combined with a charming manner in applauding, made her one of the big features of the evening so far as we were concerned. We look for great things from her in the future. A woman of such rare judgment and splendid endowments can not long remain unrecognized.



ON the following Monday night, the audience was practically worthless. Lethargic, sullen, and slow in comprehension, they should never have been allowed to come into the playhouse at all. Especially unattractive were the group who came in late from a dinner party while we were being exceedingly amusing. The hostess, a lady in a most unbecoming evening-gown, seemed concerned about the seating arrangement of her guests, and asked, in tones just a little bit louder than those which we were able to muster, if Phil would mind going in next and sitting beside Grace. If we had been Phil, we certainly should have minded, but the easiest solution for the whole problem seemed to be for them all to go and sit on a bench over in Bryant Park.

On Tuesday evening all the delightful people in New York appeared to have attended in a body. Seldom have we heard an audience give a more artistic performance. It was easily the most ingratiating of the week, and so long as people like this are alive and in possession of the price, we need not despair of the American drama.

The audience at the Wednesday matinee was adequate. (We will review the show itself as soon as we have seen it from the front, which may be any day now.)

Robert C. Benchley.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Breaking Point. *Klaw*—One of those amnesia plays which are soon forgotten.

Casanova. *Empire*—To be reviewed next week.

Chains. *Playhouse*—To be reviewed next week.

Children of the Moon. *Comedy*—A generally effective drama showing how to go insane by looking at the moon.

The Crooked Square. *Hudson*—Ought to be listed under the comedies, where it could be classed as sterling entertainment.

Floriani's Wife. *Greenwich Village*—To be reviewed later.

The Lullaby. *Knickerbocker*—Florence Reed in a perfect riot of sin and shame.

Peter Weston. *Sam H. Harris*—Reviewed in this issue.

Rain. *Masine Elliott's*—The new plays will have to exceed their present record to beat this one of last season.

Red Light Annie. *Morocco*—All the materials for a big criminal evening, including dope, gun-play and "worse than death."

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—A play about Paris with scenery, costumes, and lots of heavy acting.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—To be reviewed next week.

The Woman on the Jury. *Eltinge*—What happens when the woman you have wronged gets her innings in the jury-box.

Zeno. *Forty-Eighth St.*—All the melodrama in the world.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—The one about the Irishman and the Jew.

Aren't We All. *Gaiety*—Bubbling British comedy, with Cyril Maude.

The Changelings. *Henry Miller's*—An amusing and intelligent comedy with a cast which includes Henry Miller, Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton and Laura Hope Crews.

Chicken Feed. *Little*—To be reviewed next week.

Cymbeline. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Sothorn and Marlowe.

The Good Old Days. *Broadhurst*—Elephantine Prohibition farce.

Home Fires. *Ambassador*—This season's try at "The First Year."

In Love with Love. *Ritz*—Very nice indeed.

The Jolly Roger. *National*—Romantic pirate material.

A Lesson in Love. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. *Belasco*—Mrs. Fiske gorgeous in—what does it matter?

Tweddles. *Frazee*—One of Booth Tarkenton's pleasantest trifles.

Two Fellows and a Girl. *Vanderbilt*—A good evening's entertainment made out of nothing much.

What's Your Wife Doing? *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

The Whole Town's Talking. *Bijou*—Grant Mitchell in a slap-dash farce which finally turns out to be funny.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Adrienne. *George M. Cohan's*—Richard Carle and Billy B. Van in the regulation stuff.

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—A peculiar combination of intelligence and nudity.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—To be reviewed next week.

Helen of Troy. *N. Y. Times Square*—Bright and tuneful.

Little Jessie James. *Longacre*—Certainly not the best in town.

Little Miss Bluebeard. *Lyceum*—Mostly Irene Bordoni.

The Magic Ring. *Liberty*—To be reviewed later.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Nifties of 1923. *Fulton*—To be reviewed next week.

Nine O'Clock Revue. *Century Roof*—To be reviewed later.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields worth trying to get seats to see.

Scandals of 1923. *Globe*—A regular George White dancing show.

Vanities of 1923. *Earl Carroll*—Generally amusing, especially when Joe Cook is on.

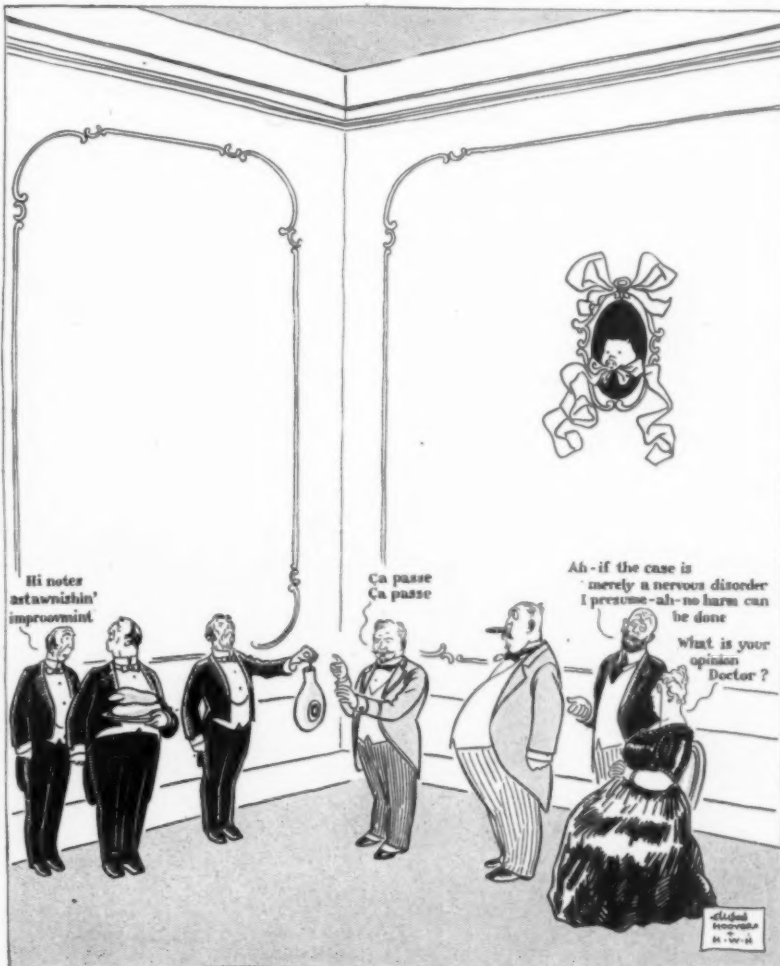
Wildflower. *Casino*—You can't go wrong if you like good music.

Fables for Farmers

HENRY FORD having been elected President in 1924 by the vote of the submerged tenth and the run-over eleventh, it was expected that he would be unanimously renominated in 1928. To the great surprise of the delegates to the national convention at Dearborn, Mich., an unknown candidate arose and demanded the nomination, as the principal friend of the farmer.

"How come?" inquired the assembled peasantry in their quaint New England patois. "Hasn't Uncle Henry invented so much labor-saving machinery run by gasoline that all the farmer has to do now is to sit on the fence and smoke?"

"Mebbe so, but I've gone him one better. I've invented a machine that will sit on the fence and smoke."



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY

UPON INVITATION OF MR. SWIFT, M. COUÉ CURES SOME PARTICULARLY CHOICE HAMS

Literary Profiteers



HE art of making books, as distinct from the art of writing books, is a flourishing industry, a modern labor-saving device, which cannot be too highly recommended to those astute gentlemen and ladies who utilize their neighbors' brains. It takes time and trouble to write even a short and a bad book. One cannot write skipingly, as one reads. Every "and" and "but" and "the" has to be fitted into its place. Every page has to be divided into paragraphs, and every paragraph into sentences. Sometimes these sentences convey a meaning, and sometimes they do not; but under any circumstances they are difficult to handle, and a vexation to the author who handles them.

All this exertion is spared to the wise man who "compiles" a book instead of composing one. He finds the work already done, and his unlaborious task is to reach out his hand and take it. Sometimes he is compelled to write to those simple-minded human beings who are endeavoring to live by authorship, and request permission "to reprint," in other words, to appropriate their wares. When he does this, he thanks them "in advance," so that he won't have to thank them afterwards. A single two-cent stamp represents the whole of his outlay.

Every winter sees a dozen new anthologies, brightly bound little books designed for one purpose and for one only, to be given away to unresisting friends. The compiler

may not be able to rhyme cat and rat, but he does not have to. He takes the cats and rats already rhymed, and offers them anew to the purchasing public. Volumes of selected essays, of selected letters, of selected tales; samples of English eloquence, of American eloquence, of French eloquence, which, being translated, is French eloquence no longer; snippets of wit and wisdom; scrap-books of nature to be read indoors, and "Fireside Favorites" to be taken on rambles; all the odds and ends which human ingenuity can patch together are fulfilling their purpose in life by putting money into the pockets of the patchers.

The public mind, at no time analytic, is growing confused as to the relative value of author and editor. When some intelligent Americans were asked to make lists of fifteen "decisive" books, one intelligent American included in the fifteen two volumes of selected verse. That the decisiveness, if there was any, rested with the poets who originally wrote that verse, did not occur to the intelligence of America. "Made dishes at the Muses' banquet" are the economical order of the day.

Agnes Repplier.

Caste

"I HEAR Jones has a son on the team this year."
"That's nothing. I have a daughter who knows a cheer leader."



Oh, Gee!

PAPYRUS, son of Tracery,

You come in hope to win
Our golden crown of racery,
Bucephalus's twin!

For, pride of British horserery,
Cheval of high degree,
Your hoofs are winged with sorcery,
Oh, Quadruped! Oh, Gee!

They told our race-course fannery
That over ocean's brink
You'd brought your private granary
With British beer to drink.

Alas! the bitter cautery
Of Truth destroys the tale!
Like ours, your drink is watery,
Bereft of beer and ale!

Papyrus, son of Tracery,
The worst of what we wish
For you is second placery,
The best is all the dish!

For, pride of British horserery,
Cheval of high degree,
Your heels are winged with sorcery,
Oh, Pegasus! Oh, Gee!

Arthur Guiterman.





Skippy: DO YA KNOW WHAT YA WANTA DO? IF A COP CHASES YA? RUN LIKE SIXTY 'N' WHEN HE GETS RIGHT ON TOP OF YA, DROP DOWN ON YA HANDS 'N' KNEES 'N' HE'LL GO HEAD OVER TEAKETTLE.



Friend: OH! I KNOW SOMETHIN' BETTER 'N THAT! YOU GET DOWN ON YER HANDS 'N' KNEES RIGHT IN BACK OF A COP 'N' I'LL COME UP 'N' GIVE HIM A SHOVE. IT ALWAYS GETS A LAUGH OUTA ME.



Friend: LET'S DIG UP A COP NOW 'N' I'LL KNOCK HIM FOR A ROW OF ROLLIN' BUTTER TUBS. JUST GET BEHIND HIM 'N' I'LL DO ALL THE BEST.



Skippy: ASK YER MOTHER IF YA CAN COME OUT BY ME A LITTLE WHILE. I WANTA SHOW YA SOME FIREWORKS!

My Husband Says

THAT he agrees with our interior decorator in many things.

He thinks we should maintain a proper balance in our home when possible.

We have a Chinese rug, in heavenly shades of blue and gold, in our dining room; and some carved Chinese candlesticks, and mirrors and things.

The decorator said if we used the rug we must have some other things with Chinese feeling.

I thought it would be lovely to have things harmonious for his Aunt Julia, on his father's side, for her birthday.

So I had incense burning in a fascinating fat god, and chop suey, and lanterns and everything as Chinese as I could.

My husband said it looked all right, but he had a feeling that the dinner would be seasoned with pain.

I wanted to wear a Chinese costume; but he said he thought I'd better not. He said a lady in "Main Street" got in wrong with everybody for a stunt something like that.

His Aunt Julia said the incense in the god was absolutely sacrilegious, and the chop suey was impossible.

She said it looked positively crawly.

She liked the lanterns, because she said they charitably dimmed the effect of the tragedy.

She thought if she had to see it in a strong light she would have a fit.

She said the sweets were raw and sticky, and the tea was ghastly. She likes English breakfast tea.

And she has made up her mind to leave all her money to found a home for childless rabbits.



FARMER BROWN ACHIEVES 100 PER CENT. PROTECTION FOR HIS MELON PATCH.

She said when she was cold in her grave she wanted to know that her money was being spent judiciously.

My husband said his Aunt Julia would never be any colder than she is now.

And I think it would be awfully sad to spend so much money judiciously.

L. B. S.

WIFE: Going out to-night?

HUSBAND: No, I thought I'd stay in.

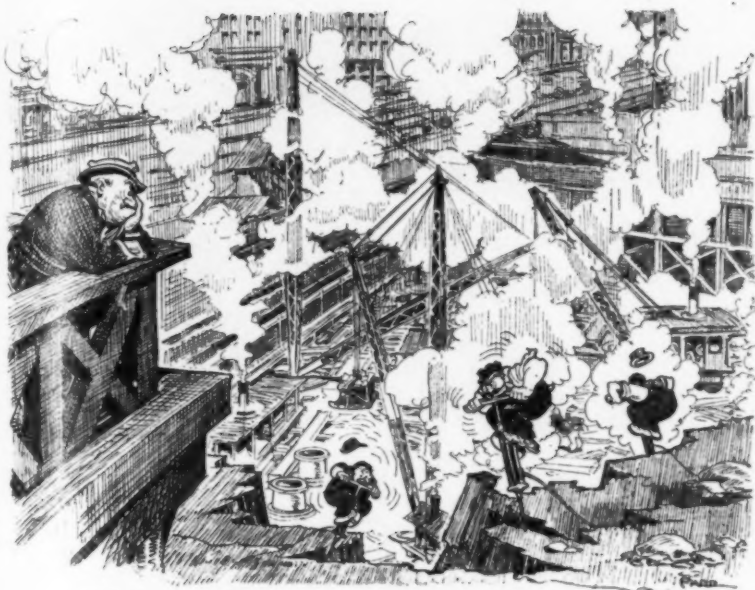
"So did I. Let's both go out!"



She: WHY DON'T YOU CARRY A SHOTGUN IN YOUR GOLF BAG, DEAR?

He: WHAT FOR?

"WELL, I HEARD MRS. FAIRWAY SAY HER HUSBAND SHOT TWO BIRDIES AND AN EAGLE YESTERDAY."



Onlooker: OH—AND AT ONE O'CLOCK THE DENTIST STARTS DRILLING FOR MY BRIDGEWORK!

Investment Guide

Stock in Companies Constructing Stadiums a Good Buy Now

STATISTICS not usually available reveal that this fall 1,526,742 wives probably will insist on accompanying their husbands to socially important football games of colleges their husbands attended or wish they had attended. This demand for seats is practically compulsory and the money may be banked as soon as the sale opens.

The normal increase in prom girls this year is estimated at 11.6 per cent., which means 796,392 seats. Ordinary fiancée, sister, room-mate's sister and family obligations will add 265,497 orders to the prospective business. Undergraduates, graduates and alumni who tell the coach how to run the team are figured roughly—the more roughly the better—at 697,423. Lovers of football may be estimated at 100,000, and persons who know something about the game at 267.

A million seats should be added for newspaper reporters, their families, friends and relatives. It will be seen, therefore, that if a man can pick up a few hundred shares in a stadium constructing company that is paying 30 per cent. he will be making no mistake, especially if he can get them 25 or 30 points under par.

McCready Huston.

"BEEN able to get any coal?"

"No; but I've subscribed to another Sunday newspaper."

Apt. Apt. Suggestions

PEOPLE who live in small apartments should not throw fits. Very hard on walls and neighbors.

* * *

Never sleep with feet in front room and head in back room. Reversing the order is more refined.

* * *

Opposite walls of a small parlor should be greased daily to keep them from sticking together.

* * *

To make room for a cat and a goldfish place fish inside cat.

* * *

Examine holes in walls carefully. If you find shelves in any they may be clothes-closets.

* * *

All small places should have folding beds, folding chairs, folding occupants and folding visitors.

* * *

If your chest expansion is more than the room, smoking entirely too many cigarettes reduces it.

Tom Sims.



HIS HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Zaza"

IN "Zaza," Gloria Swanson has undergone a marked change in style. Instead of the stately, sinuous, lip-curling, haughty *grande dame* of the Hollywood smart set, we see a frantic, prankful, impudent daughter of the Parisian demi-monde. She jumps from one expensive scene to another, shaking like a whole forest of aspen leaves, and reducing her friends to a quivering pulp with the dynamic force of her inexhaustible energy.

The transformation in Miss Swanson's manner is cause for alarm. I have enough trouble as it is keeping up with Mae Murray's annual output of spasms and gyrations. If Gloria Swanson is going to act that way from now on, there's nothing left for me to do but give up my interest in the films, and return to my books.

"Dulcy"

PATRONS of the silent drama, or "movie fans," as they are sometimes called, will hardly see a more sparkling performance this year than that of Constance Talmadge in "Dulcy."

Miss Talmadge, who gave tremendous promise in "Intolerance," seven years ago, had been turning cute on us lately; she had learned a number of smart tricks which she used over and over again until it seemed as if she would just wink herself out of the public eye. But in "Dulcy" she evolves a real characterization, and does it in a thoroughly deft and charming manner.

As the beautiful bromide addict, *Dulcy*, whose conversation is limited to second-hand material, Constance Talmadge is spontaneous, effervescent and adroit. It is a creditably intelligent piece of work.

I regret that I can't say quite as much for the picture itself.

"Dulcy" has moments of sharp humor, but it is altogether too thin to survive the rigors of a seven-reel test. It seems to me that those who adapted this comedy to the screen have retained the dulllest features of the original play, and discarded the best.

The most broadly comic character in "Dulcy," the play, was a movie scenario writer who called the lady of his heart "My wonder girl," and inspired *Dulcy's* caustic younger brother to remark, "My God! He even makes love in sub-titles."

This mammoth line does not appear in the picture, and its absence is keenly felt.

"Ruggles of Red Gap"

A SECOND screen version of Harry Leon Wilson's novel, "Ruggles of Red Gap," has been made—and while it is superior in almost every way to the first effort, it is still a lamentably long way behind the book.



Eaton

GLORIA SWANSON IN "ZAZA."

James Cruze directed it, Walter Woods adapted the story, and it is acted by a cast that is just about 100 per cent. perfect. There is no available reason why it shouldn't be a gloriously comic picture—but it isn't even moderately amusing. Save for rare dashes of spice, it is neutrally dull.

"Ruggles of Red Gap" is unquestionably too delicate and fragile in its humor to be useful material for the screen. In view of which, the least that the film producers can do is to leave Mr. Wilson's "Merton of the Movies" alone.

The Big Fight

THE film record of the historic Dempsey-Firpo fight is not so horribly exciting as the bout itself, but it is an excellent counterfeit.

The successive flops of the Wild Bull of the Pampas, the ignoble dive of our champion into the press box, and the ultimate knockout, all appear vividly on the screen. There is no doubt that each man gave and received terrific punishment.

There is also no question of the fact that the heavyweight title remained north of the Panama Canal by the slimmest of hair-breadth margins.

Dempsey has lived much in California, and therefore knows something about movie technique, so it is only natural that he should give the more finished performance on the screen. Nevertheless, Firpo comes perilously close to running away with the picture.

THE Dempsey-Firpo fight pictures will probably be studied carefully by the thousands of enthusiasts who paid \$27.50 apiece for "ringside" seats at the widely advertised bout. It will give them their first opportunity to find out what really happened.

Robert E. Sherwood.

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To a Publicist

On every theme, dear Dr. Crane,
One can foretell your attitude.
Your readers in the evening train
Owe you a debt of platitude.

—London Opinion.

Diversion

"I had a delightful time last night," said the author to the producer who was considering the former's first opus.
"What y' do?" queried the producer.
"Oh, I had some friends out to the house and I read them the play."

—New York Evening Mail.

Necessary

"Every boy should have a dog."
"Yes, and every boy should have a mother willing to have a dog in the house."—Detroit Free Press.

No one can be majorer in the family circle than a minor girl.

—Ohio State Journal.



"WELL, MRS. PARKER, DID YOU SEE THE PRINCE?"
"I DID, MY DEAR. 'SEE'D 'IM AND SPOKE TO 'IM, AN' ALL."
"YOU SPOKE TO 'IM! HOW WAS THAT?"
"AS 'E WAS GOING INTO THE STATION, I CALLS OUT 'GOOD OLE PRINCE!'"

—London Opinion.

"Author! Author!"

The talk at the club had turned on the subject of theatrical first nights and the speeches at the fall of the curtain.

"I have had four plays produced," a playwright exclaimed, "and when I say authors should not make speeches, I know what I am talking about. But if you must speak, let your speech be as short as possible. I only once made a speech during those four unforgettable occasions, and my speech contained four words."

"What were they?" he was asked.
"'And boo to you!'" he replied.

—Humorist (London).

That Voice with the Smile

AFFABLE ROOM CLERK (to traveling man): Room, sir? Just sign right here, please.

TRAVELING MAN (who has had a discouraging day): Damn it! Let's see you sell me a room!

—Hotel Management.

It seems to a child that he never is the right size. He always is either too big or too little for everything he wants to do.—Country Gentleman.

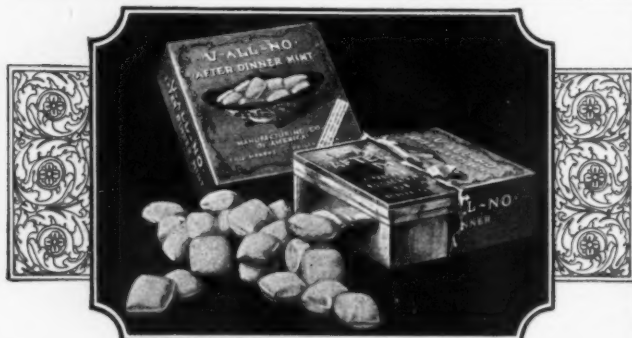
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On the Station Platform

(Homeward Bound)

"AFTER all, there is something about home. I always say to Mr. Delph, 'It's worth all the trouble of going away, just to be able to come back.' And, of course, there are the neighbors who stayed in town, especially that Jarleigh woman who puts on so much—"

"He's gone back to Yale, but he gimme his frat pin. He's a Psi Dee Plee. An' I'm goin' to th' Junior Prom if th' Number Two Company plays New Haven that week—"

"I broke the first nine in forty, and then my short game went to pieces. Couldn't figure what was the matter. I was missing three-foot putts. Then it came to me. My wrist watch was ticking so loudly that it disconcerted me. I threw it away and after that I had no—"

"You know that green sweater I started in June? I finished it last night and then I gave it to one of the maids—"

"What worries me is, does she take it seriously? Sure, I proposed, but she was the only one left. I hope she realizes that I was just—"

"You noticed how the meals fell off the last two weeks—"

"I had a different swimming teacher every week, and the funny part of it was, none of them knew a bit about the newer strokes—"

"I must see about my furs and then I shall have to shop a bit. I haven't a single stitch—"

"Scarcely get settled in one place long enough to know it. We shall be in Westchester for Thanksgiving and Virginia for Christmas—Fred's family. And then Palm Beach—"

"She said her name was Goldsmith—that's Irish. Oliver, the poet, you know—but I suspected from the first—"

J. K. M.

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THEN try Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream and see for yourself how it ends shaving irritation. This cream has an exclusive medicinal property that soothes the most sensitive skin—heals annoying little cuts—leaves your face smooth and cool. No need to use a lotion.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Letter from West Africa

"Dear Master.—I have the pleasure to regret to inform you that when I go bath this morning a billow he remove my trouser. Dear Master, how can I go on duty with only one trouser? If he get loss where am I? Kind write Accra that they send me one more trouser and so I catch him and go duty. Good-day Sir. My God, how are you? Your loving corporal."

—London Daily News.

Forty Winks

"I have only one request to make," groaned the college man who had come to participate in the harvest.

"What is that, Mr. Smart?" returned the farmer.

"Please let me stay in bed long enough for the lamp chimney to cool off."—Country Gentleman.

Not All Play

HE: So you've had a month's holiday?

SHE: Well—three weeks—and a week with my husband's people.

—London Opinion.

Savoir Faire

At the Ritz-Carlton recently, a lowly but well-to-do bootlegger, after he had finished his meal, carefully filled and lighted a particularly foul-smelling pipe. The head-waiter tactfully explained that pipes were "out" so far as that room was concerned, as the café was the finest in America. Which brought this immediate retort:

"Finest, H——! Where's the tomato ketchup on the table?"—D. A. C. News.

Made His Own Niche

A city man called upon another, and after a glance round the establishment, inquired:

"How's your new office boy getting along?"

"Fine!" was the reply. "He's got things so mixed up that I couldn't get along without him!"

—Weekly Telegraph (London).

The Formalities

EXHAUSTED CHANNEL SWIMMER (wading to shore): I have just swum from England.

BLASE OFFICIAL: Your passport, M'sieur!—Humorist (London).

FATHER'S method of working problems in algebra: "Ask your mother. Can't you see I'm busy?"

—Detroit Free Press.



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Time to Re-tire?
Buy

FISK



HOW MANY PERSONS
WILL READ
THIS COPY OF LIFE?

Some New Books

CASANOVA (who has lately been coming into considerable popular recognition of his talents) were he around to-day would very likely adopt, as the happiest field for his amatory art, the rôle of chauffeur—to the very rich. At any rate, according to the more than colorful history of one "Luther Nichols," by Mary S. Watts (Macmillan), there would be abundant opportunity for the play of his particular sort of temperament. Young Luther did not, like the self-styled Chevalier, set out with the air of a gentleman. In fact, he began in the humble sphere of market gardener, in the neighborhood of a city traversed by the railroad known as the Big Four. Indeed, at the outset, he was a "lout." But he had a "look." "Smouldering black eyes," among other things. And by a turn of chance he became "a romantic-looking young chauffeur." He fell into a berth with a family who had "all the money there is." *Juliet*, there can be no doubt about that, was a thoroughbred. Further, she had legs of "matchless round slenderness." *Nichols'* wife, as connoisseurs have said of some of Raphael's paintings, was in his early, bad manner. The novelist presses the moral that it is a reprehensible thing for a lady to philander outside of her class. "Luther Nichols" is a work of admirable art.

* * *

WILLA CATHER's story, "A Lost Lady" (Knopf), is not, like Mrs. Watts' book, a full-bodied novel of the old school, wherein you're told exactly what's what. What precisely were the relations of young Mrs. Forrester, second wife of the broken and appealing old railroad builder, with various nondescript friends of hers? You wonder—and long after the book is closed. It's a haunting piece of portrait painting.

* * *

WITH his latest book, "Europe and Elsewhere" (Harper), Mark Twain enters the populous company of our essayists now going at such a rate. The volume has been assembled, or "pasted up," in that lively fashion now so much current. A number of the articles, Mr. Bigelow Paine tells us in the preface, have not heretofore appeared in print. If the distinguished author does not have altogether the urbanity of humor which graces our literary journalism to-day, the tang of no flyweight character is in his stroke. And the book fits in with the new view of the "ordeal" of Mark Twain.

R. C. H.



Teeth Like Pearls

Don't leave that film-coat on them

Wherever dainty people meet, you see prettier teeth today.

In old days most teeth were film-coated. Now millions use a new-type tooth paste which fights film.

Make this free test, if only for beauty's sake. Ten days will show you what it means to you.

Those cloudy coats

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it. Much of it clings and stays under old-way methods.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That's how teeth lose luster.

Film also causes most tooth troubles, and very few escape them. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The new-day method

Dental science has found two effective ways to daily fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring.

After many careful tests these methods were embodied in a new-type tooth

paste. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it every day. And to millions of homes it is bringing a new dental situation.

Other discoveries

A way was also found to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for neutralizing acid and digesting starch deposits.

Pepsodent with every use gives them manifold effect.

These discoveries are everywhere changing the old methods of teeth cleaning. They have brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

A delightful test

We offer here a delightful test which will be a revelation.

Send coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will very soon convince you. You will learn the way to benefits you want. Cut out coupon now.

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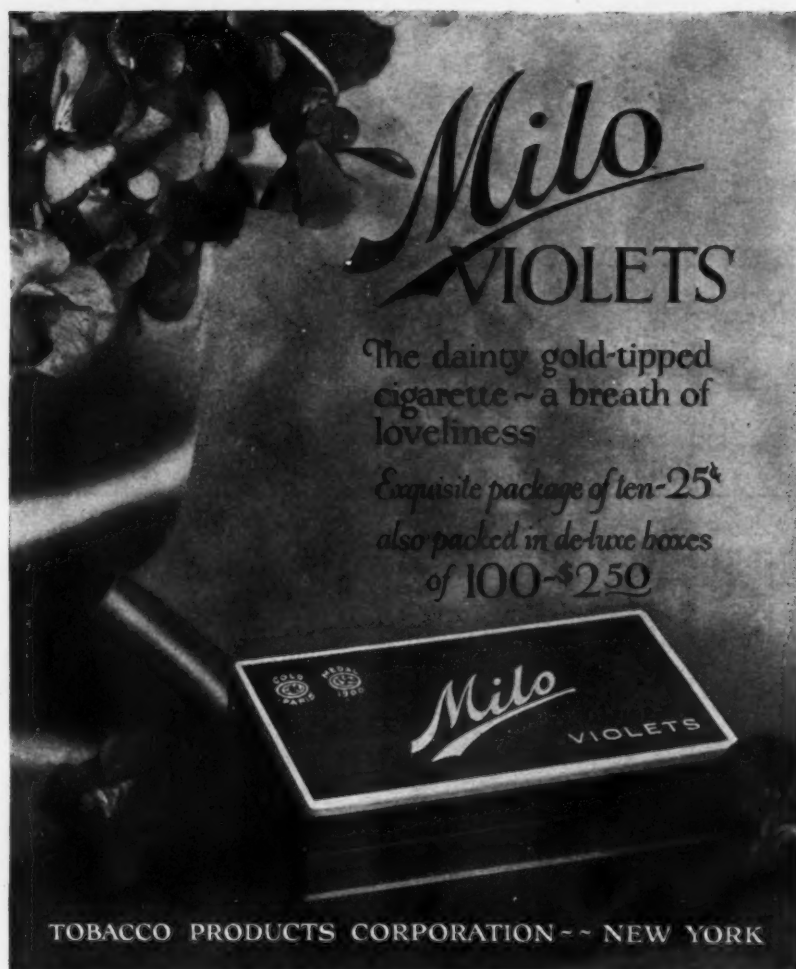
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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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and 150 illustrations of dogs leads, training collars,
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Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 10)

also that flowers would keep much longer in the house if an aspirin tablet were dropped in the water, but I know not, forasmuch as Lydia believes a good deal which is told her which would not go before a jury.... At cards all the evening, and I did make an error on a redouble grave enough to be grounds for a divorce, yet Sam said naught to me but words of reassurance, and I doubt whether there is another man in Gotham with the same nobility of soul.

Baird Leonard.

Pastoral

THE farmer's pink-cheeked daughter was coming up the lane. She was clad in a grimy pair of overalls, from the pockets of which bulged huge bunches of waste and sundry wrenches and pliers. In her hand was a dirty satchel rattling with an assortment of iron tools.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" I asked.

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"But why the tools?"

"Trouble," she said, "with that darned old milking machine again."

E. M. C.



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A Child's Garden of Reverses

THE rain is raining all around,
On prunes of low degree;
But I am in my limousine,
It never rains on me.

* * *

The world is so full of a number of
reels,

I hate to take time to go home to my
meals.

* * *

A birdie with a happy squirm

Pounced upon a fuzzy worm,

Saying, as he cocked his bean,

"Try and get it, Mr. Shean!"

* * *

My bed is like a little boat;

It holds our stock when agents
park;

Nurse wraps it in my sailor coat,

And hides it there till dark.

And sometimes things to bed I take,

As helpful children have to do;

Perhaps a jug of Father's make,

Perhaps a flask or two.

* * *

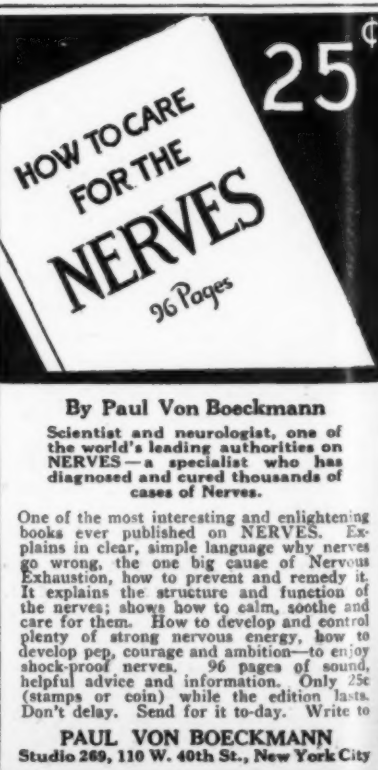
The newest jazz I always know

By listening on my radio;

And every night when I've been good,

I get a movie after food.

C. R. S.



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President

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1st, 1923. State of New York. County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared LeRoy Miller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of LIFE, and the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 413, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Life Publishing Co., 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Editor, Charles Dana Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, Louis Evan Shigman, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, LeRoy Miller, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. (2) That the owners are: Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Charles Dana Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Irene L. Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Langhorne Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; LeRoy Miller, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Nina LeRoy Miller, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Geo. W. Miller, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Edw. S. Martin, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; B. F. Provandie, 598 Madison Avenue,



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New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as such, own or hold such securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. LeRoy Miller (Signature of business manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1923. (Seal) Henry A. Richter, Notary Public, New York County No. 96, New York Register No. 4635. My commission expires March 30th, 1924.



The Editor: SEEING THAT I'M IN LOVE, I GUESS I'D BETTER LOOK IN THE WASTE-BASKET FOR SOME APPROPRIATE VERSES.
—Kasper (Stockholm).



About sore throat *this winter*—

An early start with the daily gargle may ward off this troublesome infection. With Absorbine, Jr. the gargle is a double precaution. To its germ-destroying property as an antiseptic are added its soothing and healing properties as a liniment—quick to relieve irritation at the first signs of rawness or hoarseness.

Rapid headway, sometimes gained after undue exposure, should be promptly combated by

the application of Absorbine, Jr. to the outside of the throat. This aids to scatter the congestion, draw out the inflammation, reduce any swelling and to restore normal circulation.

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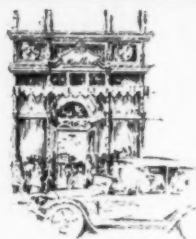
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"DON'T BE ARCHAIC, OLD MAN—SHE'S A COCKTAIL
IN A TEACUP."



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 "Well, Tom, I promised myself a new car when this set of tires wore out but blamed if it
 don't look like they'd last forever."

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From a painting by WALTER BIGGS

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YES, INDEED. Invite them down. No reason why they shouldn't see the cellar if you have an IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINE.

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